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WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1871.

Choice Loetry.

THE OLD POD-AUGER DAYS.

BY JOSIAH D. CHANNING,

I saw an aged man at work—
He turned an auger round;
And ever and anon he'd panse,
And meditate profound.
Good morning, friend, quoth I to him;
Art thinking when to raise!
Oh. uo, he said; I'm thinking on
The old "pod-auger days."

True, by the hardest then we wrought, With little extra aid;
But honors were the things we bought, And honors those we made.
And new invention stalks abroad, Deception dogs her ways;
Things different are from what they were In old "pod anger days."

Then homely was the fare we had,
And homespun what we wore;
Then scarce a niggard pulled the string
Inside his cabin door.
Then humbugs didn't fly so thick,
As half the world to haze;
That sort of hog was scarcely known
In old "pod-auger days."

Then men were strong, and woman fair, Was hearty as the doe;

Was hearty as the doc; Then few so dreadful "feeble" were, They couldn't knit and sew; Then girls could sing, and they could work, And thrum gridiron lays; That sert of music took the palm, In old "pod-auger days."

Then men were patriots—rare, indeed, An Arnold or a Burr—. They loved their country, and in turn, Were loved and blest by her. Then Franklin, Sherman, Rittenhouse, Earned well their nation's praise; We've not the Congress that we had In old "pod-anger days."

Then, slow and certain was the word; Now, de'il the hindmost take; Then, buyers rattled down the fin; Now, words must payment make; Then, murder-doing villains soon Were decked in hempen bays— We didn't usurder in our step, In old "pod-auger days,"

Se wags the world—'tis well enough,
If wisdom went by steam;
But in my days, she used to drive
A plain, old-fashined team.
And Justice, with her bandage off,
Can now see choice in ways;
She used to sit blind-fold and stern,
In old "pod-auger days."

Select Storp.

Select Siory.

THE BOTTLE-INP.

A NEW STORY WITH LO GIA MAR.

In an interior Nov Papilon time, which has been provided to the control of the

On the following day, the excitement in the village was vastly increased. The clergymen had told of their visit to the Bottle-Imp, and what a remarkably engaging and candid person he had proved himself to be; so different from what they had anticipated.

Their stories of the marvels they had seen in his department; of the arrecable conversation.

BY ALKE CART.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That secureth the best of all:
Not for its gnaried oaks olden,
Dark with the substeter,
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That bean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright, red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowal
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that dim old forest,
He lieth in peace askep,
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow.
We reved there, the beautiful Summers
The Summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the Autumn eves,
I made for my little brother,
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck, in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures

| Prom the Cincinnati Gazette

GREENVILLE, O., July 5. The 4th was celebrated here yesterday with speeches, poems, &c., but the leading feature of the day was the reinterment of the remains of two little girls by twelve misses. A brief sketch of their tragic death may not be uninteresting. It

the day was the reinterment of the remains of two little girls by twelve misses. A brief sketch of their tragic death may not be uninteresting. It is as follows:

Patsy and Anna Wilsor, aged respectively fourteen and eight years, together with their brother Samuel, went out from their father's rade cabin to the forest to gather grapes. They had proceeded but a short distance when Samuel heard Indians approaching. He immediately jumped behind a tree and made ready to fire at the red foe. (It is needless to say he had his gun with him, for the gun was the pioneer's constant companion.)

The Indian rushed upon the children, but Samuel drew upon him with his trusty rifle. The wily foe eluded him. Samuel, fearing he might miss his aim, reserved his fire. Meantime, the Indian captured the little girls, and was fast making away with them. Seeing the situation, and fearing he might not be able for the unequal contest, Samuel hastened to the fort, but a short distance, and gave the alarm. Immediately three sturdy soldiers, against the remonstrances of the commander, rushed to the rescue of the little prisoners. The pursuit was hot, but, alas! fatal for the prisoners; for the Indian saw he would be overtaken, and, rather than lose his prisoners, he mercilessly tomahawked and scalped them. When the soldiers came up with them, Patsy was dead and little Anna dying. They carried them back to the fort, where Anna died in about two hours. A rude coffin was hastily made, and the remains of the little sisters were placed therein, in love's last embrace. They were berief in a grave on a little knoll near where the exercises of od-say were held, and where they were left to sleep their last, long sleep in the wildwood, where the wild birds, the forest child's companions, sung their mournful requiem over them. They were exhumed a short time ago, and their remains placed in an elegant casket, which, to-day, was placed considered only on the speaker's stand during the ceremonies.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the twelve little

The concluding exercises of the day was the unveiling of the monument. This stone is indeed a fitting monument to mark the last resting place of these little martyrs—it is nothing more nor less than a huge bowlder rolled to the head of their grave, which bears the following inscription: IN MEMORY OF PATSY AND ANNA WILSON,

GREENVILLE, O., IN 1812.

After a few brief remarks by General McCounell, the benediction was pronounced by the venerable pioneer, Elder Levi Purviance. It was a happy thought to choose James Cloyd to act as president on this occasion, as it was he who rushed to the rescue of these little girls, and it was he who carried little Anna in his arms to the fort. In conversation with him, he informed me that Anna's nose and ears were cut off by the savages. This old veteran, frosted with age, tottering and trembling, the fire of his once vigorus manhood nearly burned out, and who has endured all the hardships and privations of frontier life, has dared the savage foe, and has seen death in every horrid form, yet when reverting to the slaughter of these little innocents he wept like a child.

Altogether, this was a glorious day for Greenville, and the success of this celebration is greatly due to the energies of Colonel Prizell, Captain Smith, and their assistants.

PRYING.—Don't pry into the secret affairs of others. It is none of your business how your neighbor gets along, unless his arrangements affect you; what right have you to say a word or protrande your advice! It is no mark of good taste, good breeding, or good manners, to pry into tha affairs of others. Remember this.

Concert and confidence are both of them cheats;

Concerr and confidence are both of them cheats; the first always imposes on itself, the second fre-quently deceives others too.

wellered, and panied under such bits of shades are related to the parched run. The parched run for the par

with reddish colored volcanic ashes. Among the walls are laid in every direction long branches of olive wood, now for the most part so decayed that they crumble at the first touch. The object of these was to make the walls less rigid, and so less subject to disturbance from earthquake.

One human skeleton was found; that of a man of middle age, who was doubled up in one corner of the room as if crushed under the weight of the roof when it broke in. Much of his property escaped destruction, and objects of various kinds were there; vessels of lava and earthenware, grain, straw, bones of animals, tools of flint and of lava. There was no trace of metals, not even a nail in the wood-work of the roof. The pottery is of several kinds. Large, yellowish jars, holding sometimes as much as twenty gallons, are the most common. They contain barley, pens, anise, &c.

The Preciousness of Littleness.

Everything is beautiful, says B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago Joursal, when it is little, exceptsouls; little pigs, little lambs, little kittens, little chil-

dren.

Little martin boxes, or homes, are generally the most eazy and happy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered Paradise, than anything we know of; little hopes of the least disappoint-

ment.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare, and beautiful, she makes it little—little diamonds, sittle pearls, little dews.

morning sun brightened the chamber, and fell on their seven children, who lay aleeping in their beds.

They looked at the children one after another, and the mother said: "There are seven of them. Alas, we shall have much trouble to provide for them!"

Thus the mother sighed, for there was a dearth in the land.

But the father smiled, and said: "Behold are there not seven, and all are saleep, and have ruddy cheeks, and the morning sun ahines on every one of them, that they look more beautiful than seven young roses! Mother, this bears us witness that He who made the sun, and sends sleep, is faithful and changes not."

When they left the chamber, they saw at the door fourteen shoos, in a row, always smaller and smaller, two for each child. And the mother saw that they were many, and wept.

But the father answered, and said: "Mother, why weepest thou! They have all received the couriengs! The children have confidence in us, why should we not confide in Him who is able to do more than we can understand or ask! Behold, his sun is rising! Let us begin our day's work, like the sun, with cheerful countenance."

Thus he said, and worked; and God blessed their labors, and they carmed sufficient for themselves and their children. For faith elevates the heart, and love affords strength.—Kramacker.

But the father answered and said: "Mother, why weepest thou! They have all received the coverings! The children have confidence in us, why should we not confide in Him who is able to do more than we can understand or ask! Behold, his sun is rising! Let us begin our day's work, like the sun, with cheerful countenance."

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The one thing needed to our poor humanity, is smoked cigars among the invenile smokists.

THE SPHINX OF THE TUILLERIES.

Out of the Latin Quarter,
I came to the lorty door,
I came to the lorty door,
Where the two marble Sphinzes guard
The Pavillon de Flore.
Two Cockneys stood by the gate, and one
Observed, as they turned to go:
"No wonder he likes that sort of thing—
He's a Sphinz himself, you know."

I thought, as I walked where the garden glowed. In the sunset's level fire,
Of the Charlatan whom the Frenchmen loathe,
And the Cockneys all admire.
They call him a Sphinx—it pleases him—
And if we narrowly read,
We shall find some truth in the flunkey's praise:
The man is a Sphinx, indeed.

For the Sphinx, with breast of woman, And face so debonair, Had the sleek, false pawn of a lion, That could furtively seite and lear. So far to the shoulders—but if you took The beast in reverse, you would find The ignoble form of a craven cur Was all that lay behind.

She lived by giving to simple felk
A silly riddle to read;
And when they failed, she drank their blood,
In cruel and ravenous greed.
But at last came one who knew her word.
And she perished in pain and shame—
This bastard Sphinx leads the same base life,
And his end will be the same.

For an (Edipus-People is coming fast— With swelled feet limping on; If they shout his true name once aloud, His false, foul power is gone. Afraid to fight and afraid to fly, He cowers in abject shiver; The people will come to their own at last, God is not mocked forever.

And she perished in pain and shame—Table hastard sphins locable seame has life.

This hastard sphins locable the same has life.

And his end will be the same.

For an Golipan-Food is coming fast—
With swelled feet limping on:
His false, food power is gone.
Afroid to fight and afroid to fig.
He conven in aligical state:
Good is not mocked forever.

REMINISCENCE'S OF OLD BOB CARSON.
In the town of Arrow Rock, on the Missouri riveer, the celebrated mountaineer and trapper, Bob
Carson, yet lives; is hale, stout and hearty, able
and willing to make many more like trips. He is
full of ancedotes, and gives us many hair-breadth is
ecapes from mountain storms and Indian fights.
the eyar 1849, during the Mexicans war. The Mexicans were committing deprehations, and had stolen some of our government horses and mules.
Capt. Price—afterwards Gen. Sterling Price—was
in command of a company of United States voluniteers, who were ever ready for a scout or afight.
He was ordered to make a detail of twelve of his
best mest, and send them in search of the stolen
property. Twelve choice and tried men were
chosen. The name the query—who is able
to be some man who can talk with the different
lidian tribes through which they may have to pass
in pursuit of the Mexicans.
Luckily for the squad, at this moment Bob Carson role up, well mounted on his favorite hunting
horse Loo. A shout from the twelve between
the strength which they may have to pass
in pursuit of the Mexicans.
Luckily for the squad, at the distance a large
horse Loo. A shout from the twelve brave men
bid him welcome; their object stated, and requestsing him to take command. Nothing suited Carson
better than this.
The sequel shows how he succeeded.
The second day out they struck the trail; late
in the everning they saw in the distance a large
completely surrounded them. Sandivers, the
claim tribes through which they may have to pass
in pursuit of the Mexicans.
Luckily for the squad, at this momen the complete the complete the complete the complete the complete t

troops.

The Mexicans had told him this tale to screen themselves. But all of their intrigue could not themselves.

AN EXHAUSTED BUSBAND.

Letter from a Young Wife to her Aunt in Beston.

New York, June, 1871.

My Drar Aunt:—Although you told me when I invited you to my wedding, that I was too young to marry, and not capable of cheesing a partner properly, and with due consideration, I know that you feel I was wiser than you thought. In selecting dear Orlando, I have gained a most affectionate and attentive husband, and one who has neither a fault nor a vice. Heavens! what must a girl suffer who finds herself united to a dissipated person, neglectful of her, and disposed to seek the society of unworthy persons, who drink, smoke, and do all sorts of dreadful things!

Thank Heaven, Orlando is perfection.

To-day is my eighteenth birth-day, and we have been married a year. We keep house now, and I can make pretty good pie, only the undercrust will be damp. However, I think that must be the oven. Once I put peppermint in the pudding instead of lemon flavoring; but then Orlando was trying to kiss me, right before the girl, who dish't much like either of us coming into the kitchen at all.

The flowers are coming up beautifully in the back garden. We sowed a great many seed, but hardly expected to see many plants. Among the most numerous is one variety, with a very large leaf, that scratches one's fingers, and don't smell nice. I wonder what it is? Orlando frightens made to taking about weakly to the large leaf.

"Have a little brandy and water, dear," I said.

"The very thing. Smith is exhausted, too. Give some to Smith," said he.

And so I repreached myself for not having thought of it before Mr. Smith was gone. But I gave a glass to Orlando, and, under Providence, I think it saved his life; for, oh, how bad he was.

"Beila," said he, quite faltering in his speech, "the room is going around so first that I can't catch your eye. And besides there's two of you, and I don't know which is which."

I knew these were dreadful symptoms.

"Take a drink, dear," said I, "and I'll try to wake Mary, and send her for the doctor."

"No," said he, "I'll be all right in the morning. I'm all right now. Here's your health. You're a

loved. And when nature would make anything expecially rare, and beautiful, she makes it juited—little damands, intite pearls, little dews.

Agas's prayer is a more pearly to the pearly of the daws.

Agas's prayer is a more pearly of the pearly of the daws.

Agas's prayer is a more pearly of the pearly of the

tended to be jealous, and puneurus winskers for him.

Oh, how differently should I have felt had anything happened to my beloved Orlando! He has not had so exhausting a day since, and I think sees the folly of over-work; though if courts will keep open so late, what can poor lawyers do? I think it is very inconsiderate of the Judge. I wonder if he has a wife—mean old thing. Indiana' June Vestivat in the Shine

"What they been due the sun, and sends sleep, it is faitful and changes not."
When they left the chamber, they saw at the does fourteen shoes, in a rows, always smaller and that they were many, and west.

But the father answered, and said: "Mother, why weepes than I Tap's have all received in the same were than I Tap's have all received in the same were than I may have all received to the incendent of the trible of the evertings? The children have confidence in us, why should we not confide in Him who is a local to the coverings? The children have confidence in us, why should we not confidence in us, why should we not confidence in the said, and worked; and God blassed their labors, and they carned smillient for themselves.

The posturers and the same were than the fourteen the said, and worked; and God blassed their labors, and they carned smillient for themselves, and how affected upon Jamas and their children. For faith elevates the heart, and how affected they carned smillient for themselves and break strength of the said of the said strength. The said was strength of the said str

So necessary is fun to the mind, that a late philosopher says if you should build schools with-out play-grounds, noticely would get beyond short division in a life-time.